

IN THE WOMAN'S WORLD

SKIRTS; HOW THE STYLES HAVE CHANGED IN AMERICA

A recent item in the San Francisco Chronicle calls attention to the fact that the clubwomen in Chicago have declared war upon the tube skirt. These women think that crime would be lessened if the women gave up the slim garments and return to the full ones. This may be true, for no doubt these women have studied the conditions, but surely the skirt that flapped in the wind and that made balloons every time one turned the corner was

not nearly so comfortable as the one that has not enough material in it to do this. A slender girl or a woman with a girlish figure appears more graceful in the narrow dress than in the wide one, but the stout woman, because of fashion's decree, insists upon wearing an extra slim gown sometimes calls forth a different expression of opinion. People laugh when she takes a sideways jump to reach the sidewalk and when she steps

into the street car. The athletic girl seems to be uncomfortable in the tube skirt, and no doubt she is, for the steps she has long been practising and the almost manish carriage that she has acquired have to be cast aside in the new gown. There is a happy medium in skirts as well as in anything else, and here in Honolulu the narrow dresses have been carried to the extreme only by the few who "go in for all the fads." The tube was probably designed for the slender girls and women who are neither athletic nor stout.

Have you ever watched a motion picture of the Civil War days when crinolines were worn? They look ridiculous to us, and the women seem awkward in the hoop skirts that sway from side to side, propelled by the swinging of the metal cage beneath them. No doubt you have smiled, too, at the pictures taken some years later when bustles were in vogue. Perhaps on some rainy day you have found stored away in an old trunk an old family album and while looking over the ancient tints have laughed at the odd styles prevailing in the gowns that your great-great-grandmother and those before her wore. Have you ever thought how dreadfully shocked they would be if they could only take a peep into the streets of Honolulu? Styles go in cycles, and perhaps we shall some day be wearing the same ones that those dear old people wore.

In England, about a year ago, the modiste tried to bring back the crinolines, and the manikens paraded about in the most elaborate costumes, but the people were not easily persuaded and the poor creator of English modes was defeated. With the majority the rationally narrow skirts are popular, and although some of the fashion plates from Paris indicate that more material is being put into the costumes, the narrow lines are preserved; indeed, they seem more narrow than they did a season ago. The jump from the full to the narrow skirt was indeed sudden, for only nine or ten—yes, even four—years ago, the trains on the evening gowns spread out like a peacock's tail. Only two years ago when the co-eds were fashionable the bottom of the skirt measured a deal more than two yards.

The complete change in the figure is remarkable. The tiny waist has disappeared, with the result that women look much more substantial and normal and much stronger. The long, graceful lines that give a woman height (and not breadth) are appreciated both by those who are naturally slender and by her larger sister, and by the petite maiden who "would give anything in the world" if she could grow an inch or two. Physicians say that the improvement in health of many women in the leisure class is due to the fact that they give their bodies more freedom.

If those who have decided to make a raid on the tube skirt succeed in accomplishing what they want to accomplish, let us hope that they will not force us to wear very full skirts, for they are neither becoming nor easily managed.

65, SHE SWIMS NEARLY FIVE MILES

Is Mother of Ten Children and Daughter Swims with Her

NEW YORK, June 25.—Gray haired, sixty-five years old, mother of ten children, Mrs. Elizabeth Berlo of Edgewater, N. J., swam along and across the Hudson yesterday from Edgewater to Washington Bathing Club at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-second street. When she and her eighteen-year-old daughter Kitty, who accompanied her, had completed their four-and-a-half-mile swim in forty five minutes, she was forcibly restrained from trying to make the return trip as she had come.

Every one of Mrs. Berlo's nine boys and one girl has won cups at swimming carnivals as the result of her teaching. She herself saved three lives when a member of the Boston Volunteer Life Saving Corps.

Capt. Smith took out his trusty motor boat Lady Betty yesterday and jammed it to the gunwales with Edgewater. A few curls of gray hair floated beneath Mrs. Berlo's cap. Trim in a black bathing suit, she stood beside her daughter, simultaneously they dived.

The tide was against them, but using the Australian crawl stroke, the two women made sure headway against it. The mother was in her element. The years rolled off her as smoothly as did the water from her firm white arm as it slowly rose and fell over her head. She was a mermaid in a shimmering green sea, and the song she sang was of an Irish heroine. Miss Kitty didn't approve. She was not old enough to feel so young, and between puffs she called:

"Be quiet, mother. Don't you know you've just got to save your breath?" As a just punishment, mother increased her stroke and neared the bathing club 100 yards in advance of her daughter. When they reached the clubhouse, fifty young men attempted to carry them from the water. Mrs. Berlo would have none of it.

"Let me alone," said she, clinging to the float. "I'm going to swim back. Why, I feel as strong as when I started. This is nothing; I can do it every day of the week. And such fun! The water is gorgeous, and I never had such a pleasant swim. Do you think I've almost lived in it since I was fourteen for nothing?"

Mrs. Berlo was finally dissuaded and took a seat in the motorboat, while her daughter made the return trip in the water, in considerably better time. But once more upon land Mrs. Berlo began to make preparations for a repetition in the afternoon and it was only when Miss Kitty began to cry

AMUSEMENTS

POLLARDS MAKE "GOLDEN BEADLE"

Changing the program, the members of the Pollard Opera Company appeared last night at the Bijou in the "Golden Beadle," which had its origin in Australia and should never have left there. Had it not been for the excellence of the company and the fact that the scenic effects were really good, the "Golden Beadle" would have fallen flat.

True, the opera has an English setting and therefore may appeal to British ears and humor, but with the exception of three or four songs, it failed to win any appreciation from the audience of last night.

There were several electric effects in which the chorus appeared to advantage, and the finale, evidently intended to "knock 'em" took the form of a police officer dragging a singer up the aisle and out of the house. This scene was very realistic and it had been feared that the audience in mistaken zeal might attempt to interfere between the counterfeit minion of the law and his victim, but the audience sat tight.

Despite the plotless, witless play, the Pollards really provided a fair entertainment. The dancing as usual was clever and several of the songs were up to form; notably "Lady Like" as sung by Queenie Williams, and "Paper Bag Cookery," by Willie Bevan.

The latter also portrayed the bumptious Mr. Bumpus, the Golden Beadle, very effectively. Miss Nellie McNamara as Mrs. Bumpus pleased with "Call Herin," and pretty Eva Pollard scored a hit with "Teach Me How to Kiss."

Next week the presentation of the tuncful "Mikado" will make amends for anything in which the "Golden Beadle" is lacking.

MISS EDITH CLARK NOW MRS. GUSTAV BORKMAN

Miss Edith Clark became Mrs. Gustav Borkman yesterday afternoon at the Colonial hotel where the ceremony was performed in the garden beneath an arbor of white asters and lilies. The service was read by the Rev. Leopold Kroll of St. Andrew's Cathedral and was witnessed by the intimate friends of the bride and groom.

Mrs. Borkman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark of Plainfield, New Jersey, and came here last February to attend the Mid-Winter Carnival when she met the bridegroom. Mr. Borkman has been a resident of Honolulu for over two years. He has a bungalow in Lower Manoa Valley where he and his wife will make their home.

Mrs. J. P. Howard, who has one of the largest bee ranches in Wisconsin, at Norton, was nearly stung to death. She is in a critical condition.

that she resisted. So delighted is she with her experience she declares that both she and her daughter will go to Australia, the land of swimmers, and challenge all comers.



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"College Days" at the Liberty Theater is positively the best entertainment feature that has come to Honolulu in a long time. What makes it the best entertainment feature is the fact that there is not a silly line of word spoken, while it is a laugh from end to end. It is the real stuff that one expects from behind the footlights, but seldom gets from the "companies" that hit Honolulu.

The singing is good, and the chorus of girls has never been equaled here. "Songs My Mother Used to Sing" was particularly appreciated, as it is most charmingly illustrated by tableaux, assisted by electric light effects.

The blackface stunts by Mr. Teal is a pleasant feature and adds a spice of variety to the whole.

The Raymond Teal Comedy Company has certainly hit the right stride for Honolulu, and so long as they hand out the same class of clean, healthy, laugh-manufacturing sketches it will have no trouble keeping the Liberty Theater filled to the doors.

Besides the "College Days" feature there are a number of motion picture films shown that are most entertaining.

No 50-cent reserved seats here, either, but the Liberty's regular first-come-best-seats prices of 10c, 20c and 30c.

For the first three days of next week this company of fun producers will offer a comedy entitled "The Triflers," guaranteed fully up to the standard of what has been shown so far.

PICTURE EVENINGS AT THE EMPIRE.

Honoluluans who are fond of moving pictures are missing a good deal if they neglect to take in the cozy little Empire theater, which is nightly showing the best line of films that has been put on the screen in this city. The projection in the Empire is so short that every detail of the pictures is most clearly placed, and there is none of that disagreeable flutter and flicker that is so trying on the eyes.

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1:30—P. A. C. vs. HAWAIIIS 3:30—J. A. C. vs. STARS

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